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he had leisure to make reply. But at last he finished, and when he had satisfied his hunger, he was desirous of satisfying his curiosity: he made enquiries into the cause of Sir Arthur's invisibility, and he heard that the baronet was in great trouble because his daughter had married against his consent. "I should not care who was married or who was single," said Ferdinand to himself, "if I had such nice cold beef and pickled walnuts to eat every day of my life." Then, addressing himself to his informant, he said, "and I pray you, what is the great evil of this marriage that the baronet takes it so much to heart?"

"Sir Arthur is angry that his daughter has not only married without his consent, but that she has degraded herself by a low connexion," was the answer.

When Ferdinand Harwood heard this, he supposed that she might have married the parish clerk or the village blacksmith; but when he heard that the degradation went no farther than to a marriage with a merchant in the city, he was rather more surprised at the fastidiousness of Sir Arthur Bradley than at the humble taste of his daughter, and he replied, "it is well it is no worse."

"But he is of such low origin," said the cook.

"Not lower than Adam, who was formed out of the dust of the ground," replied Ferdinand.

"Sir Arthur swears," said the butler, "that he will not leave her a single shilling; and that if any of the servants carry any letter or message to her, they shall loose their places; and that if her brother keeps up any acquaintance with her, he shall be disinherited."

"Bless me, what a Turk!" exclaimed Ferdinand; "I could not have thought that, when he admired my poetry, and said that it was equal to Thomson's Seasons, he was capable of being in such a towering passion."

While he was speaking, a message came from Mr Bradley, the son of Sir Arthur, to desire that Mr. Harwood would favour him with his company in the library for a few minutes. Ferdinand obeyed the summons, and the son of the angry baronet said, "Mr. Harwood, understanding that you were in the house, I took the liberty to send for you to ask will you have the goodness to take a small parcel into the city for me."

"Sir," replied Ferdinand, whose spirits and gratitude were amply excited by the opportune refreshment of the baronet's pantry, "I would walk to the world's end to serve any individual of the illustrious house of Bradley."

"I don't wish you to walk so far as that," replied Mr. Bradley; "but if you will deliver this packet to its address, you will oblige me. You can keep a secret?"

"Ay that I can," said Ferdinand, and he was about to tell Mr. Bradley how many secrets he had kept by way of proof and illustration, but the young gentleman had not time or inclination to hear them, and he cut the matter short, by saying,—“you have heard from the servants of my sister's marriage, and of my father's disapprobation of it. This parcel is addressed to her, and I must beg that you will deliver it into her hands, and bring me at your earliest convenience an answer."

"Mr. Bradley, with the parcel, put also a piece of money into the messenger's hand, and the messenger put the money into his pocket without looking at it; but he made as much haste out of the house as he possibly could, in order that he might ascertain whether it were a shilling or a sovereign. He would have been glad of a shilling, but of a sovereign gladder still—and it was a sovereign. So he walked along light-heartedly, singing *jubilate*, and for a moment he forgot the Leviticus. Then he said to himself, "I shall get more by going errands than by writing epic poems."

When he arrived at the merchant's house, which was quite as handsome and well furnished as Sir Arthur Bradley's, and saw the baronet's married daughter, the lady very readily recognised him as the Mr. Harwood who was distinguished for his poetical talents. "So you have come to London to exercise your poetical talents," said Mrs. Marshall; "I hope you find it answer."

"I cannot say much for the matter at present," replied Ferdinand.

"I believe that poetry is not done at a premium now," said the merchant, who happened to be present at the colloquy

"Ah, sir," said Ferdinand, not exactly apprehending the mercantile metaphor, but perfectly understanding the word premium, "I only wish that a premium were offered for poetry—I think I should win it. But the publishers are in a conspiracy against me, and will not let the public judge of my talents."

"Then if I were in your place I would conspire against the publishers, and not let them have any more manuscripts."

"But, Sir, how can I live without it?"

"How do you live with it?"

"Not at all," replied Ferdinand; but what else can I do? I have no skill in farming, and no capital to stock a farm withal."

"Then of course, you cannot be a farmer. Can you write?"

"Admirably."

"Do you understand accounts?"

"Perfectly."

"Will you try a seat in my counting-house?"

"Most thankfully."

Twenty years after this Sir Arthur Bradley was reconciled to his daughter; and Mr. Marshall retired from business, and Ferdinand Harwood succeeded him, rejoicing that he had not succeeded as a poet.

LINES

ON HEARING THE AIR OF "AULD LANG SYNE."

Oh how the melting tone
Of that enchanting strain,
Wakens the heart to what has flown,
And gives it back again.
The thoughts of other years,
Feelings the soul will shrine
Thro' after hours of grief and tears,
The days of auld lang syne?

Yes, to its measure sweet,
Into the bosom stealing
How doth the heart responsive beat
As to our view revealing,
It lifts the curtain of the past,
Pours light on mem'ry's mine:
While o'er the brain come crowding fast,
The days of auld lang syne.

The buried forms of those
That to the soul were dear,
Would seem to start from their repose,
The thrilling strain to hear,
So vivid doth the mental eye,
Each shadowy form define.
But in the lowly grave they lie,
The friends of auld lang syne.

What, tho' the mound of green,
O'er each cold breast is swelling,
The image of the form within,
Has in our hearts a dwelling;
And magic melody like this,
Can our best thoughts refine,
And bear us back to scenes of bliss,
In auld lang syne.

BETA.

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